# HOMER

IN A

# NUT-SHELL:

OR, THE

# ILIAD of *HOMER*

IN

## Immortal Doggrel.

By *Nickydemus Ninnyhammer*, F. G.

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus*
*Interpres.* ——— Hor.
*Odi* Buttonios, *ſervum pecus.*

LONDON,

Printed for *W. Sparkes* over againſt the *Golden Lyon* in *Fetter-lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1715.

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By Nicky Numskull, Nincompoop, F.G.

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4/5

Nec versibus tumido crinabis carmina vultu,
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur.
Hor.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON.

Printed for W. Bickerton over against the Golden Lyon in Fetter-Lane in Fleet-Pavement. 1775.

# THE DEDICATION.

*Non moreris, Gilberte, volas ſed vivus ad aſtra,*
*Qualis ab ætheriis vectus Enochus equis.*

I HAD for a plaguy while a moſt *itching* Inclination to Dedicate theſe my Rhymes (ſuch as they are) to the late *Pious* B—p of *S——m*: But (as the Devil wou'd have it) juſt as I had ſucceſsfully finiſhed my *Game at Crambo*, away ſlips my Patron, as nimbly, as a *lean-chop'd Comedian* at ſight or ſmell of a Bumbailiff; bilks the Poet, and leaves poor Pillgarlick in the lurch, like a *Shiftleſs* Lady of Pleaſure at the *Roſe*, without ſo much as an *Hog* in his Pocket to

pay the Reckoning. However, he being a Man of ſuch an exorbitant Mutton-fiſt, and withal of ſo uncommon an Head-piece, I take upon me for once to ſtrike out of the Road of *Common Senſe*, and inſcribe this Epic Poem to his *Ghoſt*.

Herein (I muſt needs own) I have the beſt of the lay by a Dedication to a dead Corps, that the Devil's in't, if any one can tax me as a fawning Paraſite, where I have the Proſpect of Dining with no one but Duke *Humphry*. Beſides, 'twill Tickle my honeſt Brothers of the Bottle to hear *thoſe things ſaid of* this Hogſhead of Divinity, *now he is Dead*, which no one durſt ſay of him while he was alive, for fear of *Scandalum Magnatum*. But though I *ignore* not, that the Picture of ſo tall, ſo amiable a May-pole, muſt needs be hugely diverting to the Publick, *were I able to draw it in its full* Dimenſions: Yet Folks would take me for as great a Coxcomb as any of the Wits at *Button*'s, ſhould I pretend to undertake a thing that I have no manner of Notion of.

But

But however, a good Stock of Aſſurance will make ſhift to ſupply the defect of Underſtanding. And ſo —have at him —hit or miſs.

*His conſummate* Pretenſions *to all kinds of Buſineſs, his* awaking Sonorouſneſs in his *extempore* Rhapſodies, *his active Zeal for the* Intereſt of old Glorious, *and the* Dexterity *he had in* the Art of Conveyancing, *are Subjects eaſy to be enlarged upon, but* 'tis much eaſier to let 'em alone. I am ſure 'tis much more to the purpoſe, *to lament the Misfortune which hath befallen* his Country-men, the Poor Pedlars, *by the Death of ſo generous* a Supporter of Scotch-cloth, in oppoſition to L——n-Sleeves, thoſe Rags of the Scarlet Whore.

*He* Snored *not in a barren Admiration of the* * Black *Arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a' Maſter; but was* agitated with thoſe wild Looks, and aſtoniſhing Poſtures, *they naturally*

* Vide *his Will.*

*Inſpire*: *Which* made that pickled Youth *Tommy* rouze his lazy Bones, fancy himſelf a clever Fellow, and fall a Scribbling for the Benefit of the Paſtry Cooks. *It is well known, that very few celebrated Pieces have been Publiſhed* by his hopeful Son for theſe Two or Three laſt Years, for which he was not either recompenſed by his Bounty, jerk'd by his Horſe-whip, baſtinadoed, kick'd, cuff'd, and cudgell'd at ſundry times by various Hands, or, glad to compound by humble Submiſſion, and aſking Pardon of the Parties offended, *in propriâ Perſonâ*. And, ſhould he fail to inherit his Father's Genius, *though ſome* arch Wags may be apt *to impute it to a* want *of* Underſtanding; yet, *thoſe who* have the Happineſs to be *acquainted with his* unparallell'd Modeſty, will know more juſtly how to account for it.

*The Cauſe of* Whiggiſm, Fanaticiſm, and Occaſional Conformity *will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the* B—p of

of S——m *was one of the* ſtrenuous Advocates, who ne'er turn'd Tail to the good old Cauſe; *and that* Daniel Burgeſs, *and moſt of thoſe* Tub-thumpers, *who were Eminent for* Pulpit-Drolls, and Sunday-Comedians, *were by his Influence and Example engag'd in the ſame Intereſt.*

*I hope therefore the Publick will excuſe my Ambition for thus* joining in Conſort with Mr. *Leſlie*, and Mr. *Sewell, thoſe applauded* Correſpondents of his, *who have* often payed *him this kind of* Epiſtolary *Homage: Eſpecially, ſince I am alſo prompted to it by Gratitude, for the* many Favours he intended to confer on me, if he had lived; *and do it at a time, when he cannot ſuffer by the Importunity of my* Dunning.

I know not how more artfully to conclude this Addreſs, than with an admirable Piece of Lyrick Poetry, written by my Honoured Uncle *Timothy Puzzle-pate* Eſq; and Juſtice of the Peace, ſet to Muſick by Mr. *Thomas D'Urfy.*

## *The* DEDICATION.

A Pindarick Ode, Occaſioned by the Corps of the late B——p of *S——m*, which was happily Interred at *Clarkenwell* Church by *Devil Pe——d.*

I.

*Old* G——t, *they ſay,*
*Is gone out of the way;*
*There's the Devil and all to do;*
*For the Devil of Hell,*
*And of* Clarkenwell,
*Are fall'n by the Ears anew.*

II.

*I am ſure, he is mine*
*By a Right Divine,*
*Quoth the Dev'l of the Stygian Ferry;*
*But the Devil of* Clarken
*To him would not hearken;*
*So they Scolded until they were weary.*

III.

*I'll ne'er, Quoth the Parſon,*
*Wear Trowzers mine A--ſe on,*
*If I han't Brawny* Gil. *to my ſhare:*
*Quoth Satan, I trow,*
*To Hell he muſt go,*
*For all his Scotch Clan are gone there.*

IV.

IV.

*So, to make 'em both Friends,*
*Old* S——m *commends*
*His Soul to the Devil of Hell;*
*And his Body in truſt*
*To be laid in the Duſt*
*By the Devil of* Clarkenwell.

V.

*And who can now doubt*
*After all this damn'd rout,*
*But it needs muſt be marvellous true?*
*And now* S—m *is dead,*
*It well may be ſaid,*
*That the Devil has had his due.*

# TO THE READER.

THIS *is to certify all whom it may concern, that I had a Maggot come into my Head ſome time ago to Tranſlate all* Homer's *Works*, but had the Pleaſure of being *Mortified*, by finding *the Iliad ſo incomparably done by Mr.* Pope, *and the* Odyſſeis *deſign'd to be infinitely better Tranſlated by Mr.* Tickell, *alias* Jo. Addiſon. I would not therefore be thought to *endeavour to prejudice Mr.* Pope, *or* to have any other View in publiſhing this ſmall Specimen of *Homer*'s Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the Favour of the Publick to a Tranſlation of *Homer*'s Batrachomuomachia,

*to*

*to the Tune of* Chivy-Chaſe, *ſo juſtly applauded by the* Spectator: *As alſo the Hymns of that veneræble Bard, in the Divine Style of* Sternhold *and* Hopkins, Quarles *and* Withers, wherein I have already made ſome *conſiderable* Progreſs. Opus diu multumque deſideratum.

*HOMER's*

# *HOMER'S* Iliads

IN

## Immortal Doggrel.

## BOOK I.

### The Argument.

Chryſes *abus'd*, Apollo's *Parſon*,
*Whom King* Atreides *turns his Arſe on:*
*The brawl's between him, and* Achilles,
*Who loſt thereby his charming* Phyllis:
*The Gods ſtrike in, and make a Party,*
*And where they ſtick prove firm and hearty:*
Juno *and* Jupiter *fall out,*
*And make a moſt confounded rout;*
Vulcan *ſteps in, and makes 'em Friends,*
*Tell's 'em a Tale.—— And ſo it ends.*

I Sing the rancour of a Knight,
And how the *Greeks* got nothing by't,
What ſturdy Souls, as ſtrong as Steel,
He ſent before him to the De'el:
Their Bodies left for Dogs, or Vermin,
Or Crows; as *Jove* ſhould beſt determin.
Now this *Achilles*, being a ranter,
Would often *Agamemnon* banter:
The reaſon was, the Fleſh and Bone
Of *Jupiter*, and eke *Latone*,
*Apollo*, hated King *Atreides*,
For which he plagu'd his ἑυκνήμιδες,
For the bold King had ſpit his fury at
The good Old Man *Chryſes*, his Curate,
Who coming to redeem the Body
Of his Fair Daughter in cuſtody,
Brought tythe Gifts, as a ſtrong Inviter,
Beſides lugg'd out *Apollo*'s Mitre,
And in moſt civil courteous faſhion,
Tickled their Ears with this Oration:
O! all ye Knights Valiant and Manful,
That love to tipple off a Can full;
God proſper long your Works of wonder,
And give you *Troy* to ſack and plunder;
And when they mean to ſeal your doom,
Take you to Heav'n, — but not too ſoon.
Only ſend back my Daughter by me.
Look here, ſee theſe, can you deny me?

Many

Many approv'd his Wiſh, as decent,
But much more they approv'd his preſent.

*Atreides* fell upon his Bones,
And rudely gave him this reſponſe:
Old Fool, troop off; if for the future
I underſtand you are a Scout here,
You'll dearly rue it; not your Tythes
Have power to faſcinate my Eyes.
I will not let thee have thy Daughter,
Till She's ſo Old, none will have at her.
I'll ſend her ſtrait to *Pelponeſus*,
To Card, and Spin, as beſt ſhall pleaſe us.
Therefore begon; pray move off quicker,
And don't provoke me, thou vile Vicar.

The Rev'rend Parſon having this heard
Sneakt off, but grumbl'd in his gizzard:
And mumbl'd out ſome hearty Curſes,
Unto *Apollo*, who loves Verſes:
O! thou, that doſt delight in Stanza,
If I have e'er tickled thy fancy,
In off'ring up fat Pigs, and Turkies,
Or in what ever elſe my Work is,
Help me but now to plague theſe Men,
And I will never pray agen.
This ſaid, *Apollo* with a jump,
Nimbly from Heaven came down plump;

With

With an huge whiſking Quiver ſhoulder'd,
For want of uſing, almoſt moulder'd.
And Arrows keen moſt fit for Battle,
Which as he ſhakes, his haunches rattle.
All wrapt in Shades, (for he'd be private)
And furiouſly their Ships let drive at
And many a Mule, and many an Aſs
He brought to a moſt diſmal paſs;
And now and then by curſt tranſition
He'd pink the Soul of a poor *Grecian.*
For Nine whole Days (by calculation)
He was pickeering in this faſhion.
But on the Tenth teſty *Peleides*
Thus ſpoke to's Fellows and *Atreides*:
If now we can eſcape a-baſting,
I know not why we ſhould'nt be haſting;
And not ſtay here another whole day,
To be conſum'd by Pox, and foul play.
But yet I'm willing, e'er we go,
To know who 'tis, that plagues us ſo.
If there's a Place at hand, that's haunted,
I beg the Dev'l may be acquainted
By's Repreſentative Magician.
And ſee here! 'Tis as one could wiſh one.
At that Sage *Chalcas*, prone to cozen,
And to reveal all Secrets choſen,
Roſe up, and ſtroaking down his Phyz,
Spoke to our bouncing Hero, *viz.*

Nimble

Nimble *Achilles*, 'tis *Apollo*,
That with his Vengeance does us follow.
Were I but ſure you would ſtand by me,
Diſcov'ry I could make moſt timely.
But there's a certain King in fault,
Whoſe Wrath I fear; therefore I halt.
Then ſpoke *Achilles*: Man, ne'er fear:
Dare any touch thee, when I'm here?
Shew me a Chieftain wearing Buckles,
That dares encounter with my Knuckles.
Nay, tho' *Atrides* ſelf were guilty,
I'll keep my word, and ſcorn to bilk ye.
Then taking courage and eke breath,
Says he, *Apollo* ſcatters Death,
Becauſe *Atrides* with rude jeſt
*Chryſes* abus'd, my Brother Prieſt;
And would not be prevail'd to ranſom
His only Daughter, 'cauſe She's Handſom:
But (what was worſe) abus'd his Perſon,
As if he were a very Whoreſon.
Theſe words *Atreides* could not bear,
And thus he levell'd at the Seer:
Thou Preacher, always curſes croaking,
I ever found thee moſt provoking.
Ev'n here it but too plain appears,
*Phœbus* and me you ſet by th' Ears,
As if he plagued us with this ſlaughter,
Becauſe I love the Parſon's Daughter.

And

And ſo I do; nay more than life,
By Ten degrees, more than my Wife.
Yet I will part with her, to ſhew
I can for Peace my joy forego.
But ſince ye will be all ſo cruel
To let me looſe my darling Jewel,
Prepare me ſtrait ſome worthy Prizes
To recompence the loſs of *Chryſeis*.
For 'tis not fit, that I alone
Of all my Vaſſal *Greeks* have none.

To whom *Achilles* thus reply'd,
Thou ſtingy, impudent *Atreid*,
Why talkeſt thou to us of Prizes?
What thou canſt mean here none deviſes.
What booty have we taken? 'Sheart, Sir,
We've yet took none, but you've had part, Sir.
If *Chryſeis* is recall'd by fate,
Rail not at us, but rail at that.
But if kind *Juno* give us *Troy*,
We'll give her thanks, and give you joy.
To whom *Atreides* thus reply'd,
I am not one to be deny'd.
Think not by vile inſipid banter
To take the privilege to rant here.
Altho' to ſtrength you make pretences,
You ſhan't fright me out of my ſenſes.

With

With ſome briſk Laſs allay my Spirit,
Or (I proteſt) I ſhall not bear it;
Which if you ſtiffly dare deny,
You ſhall with treatment worſe comply.
I will appropriate your Miſſes,
Or yours, or Drab of arch *Ulyſſes.*
But which — I'm come to no concluſion:
I ſoon ſhall take a Reſolution:
And now let's turn our Thoughts and Eyes
T' accelerate the Sacrifice:
Things needful for the Fair provide,
And in due pomp th' Oblation guide.
To whom *Achilles*; worthleſs Knight,
And is it thus you me requite?
When for thy ſake I War eſpouſe;
The *Trojans* have not ſtole my Cows.
My Myrmidons are here, becauſe
I'd help Revenge thy *Menelaus.*
And whence this Impudence ariſes
To rob me of my Darling *Briſeis?*
Who to my proper Lot did fall;
The *Greeks* confirm'd it one and all.
When any handſome Booty's taken,
Tho' I ne'er flinch to ſave my Bacon;
I muſt reſign to you my Booty.
But I'll no longer drudge on Duty.
For know that I'll remove my Myrmi-
Dons, and a Fig for all your Army.

You

You may be gone, the King reply'd,
I ſtill have Numbers on my ſide.
Nor ſhall I want my juſt reſpect,
Altho' you treat me with neglect.
I'm valu'd moſt by *Jupiter*;
And ſince you with your abſence jeer,
Troop off with all your ſtubborn Crew;
I readily will 'bid y'adieu.
Think you I value ought you mutter?
To ſhew my ſlight of what you utter,
I'll tell you what, my Friend *Achilles*,
To your fair Miſs my Heart and Will is.
I muſt, dear Heart, enjoy your Doxy,
And (if you mutter at it) box ye.
This b'ing too much for Man to bear
Made gruff *Achilles* ſtamp and ſtare.
What ſhould he do in this Quandary?
So wond'rouſly his Paſſions vary.
But out he drew his Ponyard quickly,
Thought he, Odsbodlikins I'll tickle ye.
And he had don't, had not the Goddeſs
*Minerva* clapt him on his Boddice.
Our Knight aſtoniſh'd at her Poſture,
Fell ſtraitway to his *Pater Noſter*.
Making fine Bows (to ſhew his breeding,)
Madam, quoth he, —— and then proceeding,
Is it to view th'Affronts I bear,
That unexpected you are here?

But ſure I am, I ſhall not long
Forbear to vindicate my wrong.
Quoth ſhe, I'm come to reconcile,
And to prevent a bloody broil.
*Juno* can't bear to ſee your Rapiers;
The ſight on't puts her in the Vapours.
You've leave to battel it in words,
But by no means make uſe of Swords.
He'll thank you, Ma'm, for the conceſſion,
Anſwer'd *Achilles* in a Paſſion;
Did I not honour you profoundly,
I vow I'd thraſh this Mock-King ſoundly.
But ſince 'tis yours, and Heav'ns deſire,
Vaniſh *Toledo*, and retire.
His Sword being ſheath'd, but not his ſpite,
*Minerva* vaniſht out of Sight.
Then he began to tieze the King,
Thou Sot, thou Monkey, worthleſs Thing,
To whom a Battle is a purge:
Prithee, pretend not me to urge.
Why, Man, thou canſt not bear the ſight
Of Blood and Wounds, much leſs dare fight.
And thou pretend to alienating
A Soldier's right! pray hold thy prating.
See! by this Truncheon I do ſwear,
(Which tho' no Branches now it bear,
They being lopt off for the nonce
To make it fit to batter Bones.

By

By this I ſwear, you'll much repent
My abſence, when you ſee th'Event.
*Hector* will oft his rage repeat,
Hearing the News of my retreat.
With fury then you'll fret, and foam,
For having ſent me packing Home.
Which ſaid, he flung his Truncheon down;
*Atreides* ſtrait began to frown.
But up ſtood *Neſtor* on a ſudden,
Who for an hoarſe voice had a good one,
Who by the dint of nice Harangue
Could make one drown ones ſelf, or hang.
How old d'ye think he was? Why truly
He was Three Hundred Years old full nigh.
When he began this fine Oration
So full and pregnant with perſwaſion:
Good Gods! who would be ſuch a Fool,
To be the *Trojans* ridicule?
How will they laugh at us, and tither,
To ſee our Chiefs knock Heads together?
Come, tho' I'm Old, take my Advice,
And ſhew, 'tis in you to be Wiſe.
You'r both my Juniors, pray ſubmit,
Juniors in Age, and eke in Wit.
Know, that I've had to do with Men,
The One of which of you'd make Ten:
Gigantick Blades, whoſe very Name
Would burſt the ſcanty cheeks of Fame.

There-

Therefore comply, let diſcord ceaſe,
Uſe War abroad, at home uſe Peace.
I give you thanks, moſt Noble *Donzel*,
Reply'd the King, for your good Counſel.
But this *Achilles* is ſo Stout,
He is for beating us about.
He thinks, that we muſt all comply
With hum'rous incivility.
If *Jove* took pains to make him bold,
He took much more to teach him Scold.
But then *Achilles* took him ſhort,
And gave in anſwer this Retort:
May I become a Shrimp, a Villain,
And damn'd deceit and Treach'ry deal in,
If I your Orders e'er obey.
No more o'er me extend your Sway;
My ſelf I ſhall not ſo demean,
To Fifticuff it for the Queen:
But yet be cautious in that point,
Or ſome body, I vow, I'll 'noint.
Soon as the dumpiſh King commanded,
The doughty Council ſtrait diſbanded.
The fierce *Pelides*, ſo puiſſant,
Went with *Patroclus* unto his Tent,
And *Agamemnon* had regard
To get an Hecatomb prepar'd.
The Bulls and Goats in ſolemn Wiſe
Made up th' unwilling Sacrifice.

Roaſt

Roaſt Beef and Vinegar he caters,
At which the hungry God's Mouth waters.
But *Agamemnon*'s Heart was ſuch,
He muſt revive the former Grutch:
He call'd to Bailiffs near at Hand,
And this he gave 'em in Command:
My Blood againſt *Achilles* riſes;
Go to his Tent, and fetch me *Briſeis*,
Whom if he does not quick ſurrender,
I'll force from him the Female Gender.
They heard, and having ſaid, God ſave ye,
They bent their courſe unto the Navy:
Where dire *Achilles* in his rancour
Had ſeparately caſt his Anchor:
Whom when they ſaw, their Hearts went pit pat,
And what to ſay they could not hit at.
*Achilles* from the Mizzen Maſt
Perceiving them moſt ſorely daſh'd,
Baul'd out, I know you, therefore come on,
And ſtout *Achilles* bravely Summon.
Ne'er hang your Arſes for the Matter,
But thruſt 'em forward; 'tis much better.
If *Agamemnon* ſend you trotting,
I can forgive his Bums, but not him.
So ſaid, he did his Whiſkers twirl,
And cry'd, *Patroclus*, fetch the Girl.
'Tis bootleſs to uſe Controverſy,
Therefore reſign her to their Mercy.

But by my Arms, and Heart of Oak,
I ſhall find time to make 'em ſmoak.
And thereupon his Friend *Patroclo*,
To pleaſe his Maſter, as moſt folk do,
Lugg'd out the Wench. The Bums grown bolder
Clap'd her moſt tightly on the Shoulder.
Away they lugg'd and tugg'd her ſobbing;
Who never minded all her throbbing.
But this ſad accident produces
The opening of *Achilles* Sluces;
Who cry'd and roar'd like any Noddy;
Conſol'd he would be by no Body.
Still for that Oyſter-whore his Mother
He bawl'd, and made an heavy pother:
O! Mother, in a fatal Minute
I ſure was born, the Devil's in it.
Behold the ſad, th' unlucky Criſis,
That robs me of my charming *Briſeis*,
With that ſhe leaps out of the Bilbo's,
And comes and tickles him at th' Elbows.
My Son, ſays ſhe, whence all theſe Cries?
What grieves you? Why theſe blubber'd Eyes?
Ah! Quoth the Knight, in diſmal ditty,
As if you did not know; that's pretty.
If you have Intereſt above,
And can prevail with Father *Jove*,
Uſe all your dear engaging Tricks,
Stroak down his Beard and ſuch like freaks.

Beg him to aid the Cauſe of *Priam*;
No more his Adverſary I am.
The Greeks will ſpeedily embark it,
And bring their Hogs to a fine Market.
His Mother lovingly reply'd,
Ah! Son, ill Fortune's on your ſide.
Altho' our Days are wondrous ſhort,
Fate with our Miſery makes Sport.
But ſince the Greeks do ſo regard ye,
Leave them in perillous Jeopardy,
Nor give 'em any more aſſiſtance,
But keep 'em off at a due diſtance.
As ſure, as you're on me begot,
I'll ſpeak to *Jove* of— you know what:
Who now indeed is gone a raking,
With Blackamoors a Merry-making.
Soon as the Revels are once over,
The truſty Secret I'll diſcover.
I'll come again, ſooner or later;
And ſtrait ſhe vaniſh'd under Water.
*Ulyſſes* welcom'd *Chryſes* Eyes
With a good fat burnt Sacrifice.
And glad he was to ſee his Daughter
In the Retinue coming after;
Whom, when preſented by *Ulyſſes*,
He almoſt ſmother'd with his Kiſſes.
But having once gin over Kiſſing,
Upon the Victuals he crav'd Bleſſing:

" O! thou *Apollo!* light Divine!
" Upon us now benignly ſhine,
" And ſince I've kiſs'd my *Chryſeis* Cheeks,
" Avert the Plague that gauls the Greeks.
*Apollo* heard; and they ſharp ſet,
Fell heartily upon the Meat.
And without Ceremony, or Sitting,
When they begun, there was old eating.
The Wine ſtrait flew about like Mad,
And made their dry Souls wondrous glad.
Then you might hear the Madcaps hollow,
A glorious catch upon *Apollo.*
But when their Guts were almoſt crack'd,
The Victuals gone, away they pack'd.
But now let's turn our Eyes upon
*Achilles*, Gammer *Thetis* Son;
Who (you muſt know) was in the dumps,
And could fight Gyants to the Stumps.
A Fortnight ended, in the Morning
His Mother punctual to her warning,
Went to *Olympus* on her Errand,
And finding *Jove*, took him by's bare Hand,
Gave him a hearty loving ſqueeze,
Then thus began the God to teaze:
If e'er I've pleas'd in Word or Deed,
May now my juſt Requeſt ſucceed.
Revenge the ſlight my Son endures
By the vile Greeks, thoſe Sons of Whores.

May they repent they've been ſo auſiſh.
Let Trojan's drub 'em all, like Stockfiſh.
The Thunder-thumping *Jove* ſtill mute,
The Baggage thus held on her Suit:
Nay, promiſe that you will comply;
I cannot bear you ſhould deny;
Tho' I'm unworthy of Preferment,
Grant this, and I'm your humble Servant.
Then thus reply'd the God of Thunder,
Indeed, my Child, I can't but wonder,
You'll bring me in a Nooſe, ſince you know,
I needs muſt get the hate of *Juno*.
And troth that is but grating Muſick,
Which for Diverſion there are few ſeek.
But huſh — if *Juno* over-hear us,
Better the Fiends of Hell were near us.
Slyly this Boon I'll grant (take notice)
'Tis Death t' act openly, you know 'tis.
Know by this awful Nod, I heed you,
This Nod that makes low Mortals giddy.
Which ſaid, he gave the ſolemn Motion,
And *Thetis* vaniſh'd with the Notion.

Yet not ſo ſecret their caballing
Was carry'd on, but *Juno* rallying
Came up to *Jove*, interrogating
What he, and *Thetis*, were a prating.
I muſt (it ſeems) know nothing not I
Of what the ſilly Hoity-toity;

*Thetis*

*Thetis* has now been diſemboguing,
I wiſh to God there be no roguing.
Why Wife, ſays *Jove*, cannot I ſpeak,
But you, Pox on you, muſt ſo ſqueak?
Had you but Grace, you'd be ſuppoſing,
You ought not thus to thruſt your Noſe in.
What I reſolve, ſhall ſecret be,
For none can baffle *Jove*'s Decree.
Well, quoth the Thunderer's ſcolding Wife,
I know the Secret on my Life:
And well wiſt, what that Oyſter Whore
Was Begging on her Baſtard's ſcore:
That that eternal Huff-Pluff Bully
Might maul the truſty Greeks; and will ye?
Quoth *Jove*, I know you plaguy jealous,
And of your Humours none need tell us.
But if you are ſo damn'd uncivil,
By Nod, I'll kick you to the Devil.
You may perhaps think it an hard Caſe;
But all the Gods can't ſave your Carcaſe.
Thus ended the Divine Diſpute,
The only way to make her Mute.
It rais'd a Hubbub great in Heaven,
That things ſhould go at Six and Seven:
And *Vulcan* to clear up the Matter,
Set up himſelf as Moderator:
And thus beſpoke the wrangling Goddeſs;
Mother, I vow, it is an odd caſe,

A thing ſo vile, it has no Preſident,
That you, who in high Heav'n are Reſident,
Should Scold, and ſquabble 'bout a Mortal,
And put his Lordſhip out of Sorts all.
Beſides, this Point we're all agreed in;
What e'er you think, 'tis damn'd ill Breeding,
To vex great *Jove*, and make him hector,
And fright us ſo, we ſpill our Nectar.
Kiſs, and be Friends; no more recoiling:
This, Mother, to your reconciling.
With that he took a potent Jug,
And ſtrait advanc'd it to his Plug.
Mother, ſays he, be wiſe, and truſt one;
Bring not upon us a Combuſtion.
*Jove*'s damn'd unlucky in a Paſſion,
As you'll perceive by my Relation:
And ſure I am, I pay dear for't here:
You ſee my Legs not like a Courtier:
Legs which were once as ſtrait, and proper,
As e'er were faſtned to a Crupper.
Being born with a damn'd hatchet Face,
Unworthy of this lovely Place:
*Jove* on a time in a curſt Banter
Took me by th' Leg, and gave me a Canter
O'er Heaven's high Walls: May I die quickly,
If I want tumbling perpendickly
For Three long Days; (pray do not giggle)
I ſprain'd Two Legs — but not my middle.

*Juno*

*Juno* ſo giggl'd at the Jeſt,
That by loud Laughing out ſhe piſt.
And all the Gods with mickle Laughter
Kept tithering for Nine Hours after.
But as they tickled thus their Fancies,
The Night began to make advances;
The Night, that healer up of Strife,
The trueſt Friend to Man and Wife.
And ſo it prov'd, for *Jove* gave over
His Anger, to become a Lover:
Now merrily prepared to Thunder,
He went to Bed, his Wife knock'd under.

# The Second Book of *HOMER*.

The Argument.

Atrides *tells the Greeks his Viſion,*
*Which flatter'd him with War's deciſion.*
*The Temper of his Men to try*
*He is for going back to* Phtie:
*Which pleas'd him well, but yet (God wot)*
*He would not let them budge a jot.*
Therſytes, *uglier than the Devil,*
*Proves in the Army too uncivil;*
Ulyſſes *brings him a notch lower,*
*And almoſt whips him at the Shore.*
*Before they enter upon War,*
*They call up Names, to know who's there.*

THough Mortals were aſleep, and ſnorting,
*Jove* could not ſlumber after ſporting:
Not that his Mind was ſet agog
To play the whole Night at Leap-frog:
But, as he rowls about, his Pate is
Ta'en up with what he promis'd *Thetis*
About her Son; who had been urging
Severe Revenge for loſs of Virgin.
*Jove* having pledg'd his Troth and Plight
T' avenge th' ill uſage of the Knight.
Therefore he thought it a good fetch
To ſend *Atrides* a damn'd Bitch,
As e'er put Hand or Thumb to Diſtaff,
Call'd Sleep; whom knocking up with Bedſtaff,
Begon, ſaid he, you * plaguy Whore,
And trip it to the Græcian Shore.
There *Agamemnon*'s Hammock ſearch,
Who's now aſleep, and faſt as Church;
Creep under him, and in his Ear
In Whiſper's tell what now you hear:
" Ariſe, thou Man of War, get up,
" And in *Battalia* form thy Troop;
" For *Troy* you'll take, as ſure as Gun;
" No ſooner ſet upon, but won.
" The Gods ſo voted in Debate,
" And now draws near the Trojans Fate.

---

* ——— ——— Ἄλοχ' Ὄνειρον.

No

No ſooner ſpoke, but in a trice
The Phantom thro' the Welkin flies,
And coming quick old *Neſtor*'s Shape in
T' *Atrides* Bed-ſide, found him napping.
This grave appearance of old *Neſtor*
Pleas'd him much more than that of *Preſtor*
*John*, and for why? The Reaſon's plain;
Becauſe he never knew the Man.
Thus ſpoke the Shape, enough to damp one:
Awake, thou great Heroick Champion,
Much Sleep ſhould never cloſe the Eyes
Of Warriers, who are Stout and Wiſe.
The Cares of Monarchs ruling o'er
Others, ſhould never let 'em Snore.
Hear me the Meſſenger of *Jove*,
Sending this Meſſage with his Love:
" Ariſe, thou Man of War, get up,
" And in *Battalia* form thy Troop;
" For *Troy* you'll take, as ſure as Gun,
" No ſooner ſet upon but won.
" The Gods ſo voted in Debate,
" And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
But let not what I now diſcover †
Go in at one Ear, out at t'other.

---

† —— ἀλλὰ σὺ σῇσιν ἔχε φρεσὶ, μηδέ σε λήθη
Αἰρείτω ——

So ſaid, ſhe went, and did not tarry,
And left him in a ſad Quandary,
Thinking on what had *Neſtor*'s Shape on,
And of fine things, never to happen.
He did not doubt at all, not he,
To take *Troy* Town, as ſure as Day:
Too ſhallow the Deſign to ſearch,
That *Jove* would leave him in the Lurch.
Shaking his Ears, he ſhook old *Lawrence*
From off his Back, and ſaid, Get far hence.
So rub'd his Eyes, 'till they were ſore,
And then came thundring on the Floor:
And having curry'd all his itches,
He quickly truſſes up his Breeches,
Whips on his Doublet, and a * new Coat,
(For ought I know it was a blue Coat)
Which then, as ſoon as he had done,
They ſay, that he put on his Shoon.
His buff Belt o'er his Shoulders pendant
He hung, with a ſtout Sword at th' end on't.
Then took his Grandfather's old Cane,
And trudg'd it to the Ships amain.
*Aurora*, now with roſy Cheeks
Brought Day to *Jove* and to the Greeks.

---

* —— Ἕνδυνε χιτῶνα
Καλὸν, νηγάτεον·

When

When he the Cryer gave a Shilling
To call the † buſhy Chieftains all in:
Who had no ſooner heard the Song,
But they came crowding in ding-dong.
And when he found there none was miſſing,
He gravely ſpoke to 'em a this'n:
My fighting Friends, I muſt aver it,
I had a Viſion laſt Night ver late;
Which came in *Neſtor*'s Shape and Size,
And through the Noſe ſpoke on this wiſe:
And canſt thou Sleep, thou Son of * *Jocky?*
Is't poſſible thy Cares ſhould rock thee
So faſt aſleep? Come, come, 'tis trifling
For you to Sleep of all Men living.
I am the Meſſenger of *Jove*,
Who ſends by me, this, and his Love:
" He orders that you ſtrait get up,
" And in *Battalia* form your Troop;
" For *Troy* you'll take, as ſure as Gun,
" No ſooner ſet upon, but won.
" The Gods ſo voted in Debate,
" And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
So ſaid, the Phantom made its *exit*,
And left me very ſore perplexed.

---

† —— Καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιούς.
* —— ἡὲ δαΐφρονα ἱπποδάμοιο;

Now

Now let us think of Sword and Gauntlet.
But ſtay —— I'll tell you how I'll handl' it;
It will do rarely by this Light;
We'll give it out we are for Flight:
Then this Advantage will accrue t' us,
To know who are, and are not true t' us.
But carry not the Jeſt too far,
Leſt we thereby our Projects mar.
I'd have you further their abiding,
For, if they flinch back, wo betide 'em.
*Atrides* having ſpoke a while thus,
Up ſtood old *Neſtor*, King of *Pylus*;
Who always counted was a Wiſe-man,
Or elſe the Country much belies him:
My Friends, ſays he, had any Raſcal,
Beſides the King, took us to taſk all,
And told us this ſame paultry Riddle,
That came exactly in the middle
Of Night —— What Front of Braſs, or Copper,
Could boldly trump up ſuch a Whopper?
But ſince the King with Wits about him
Does ſay 'tis true, let's fight it out then.
They all got up, he ending thus,
For all the World, like Bees, hum buz,
When ſome body affronts their Captain,
And on the Buttocks bare has rap'd him;
So they riſe, ſounding in a Cluſter,
And make a lamentable duſt here.

The

The Beldam Earth groan'd with the load
Of all their Weight, ſo thick they trod.
It hap'ned here, as in ſuch Caſes,
They quarrell'd about chuſing Places.
Then Cryers Nine, with Voice like *Stentor*,
Baul'd out and aſk'd 'em what they meant, or
If they'd not hold their Tongues, by th' States
They ſwore, that they wou'd break their Pates.
All ceaſing then to ſhove and hunche,
*Atrides* ſtrait roſe up with's Trunche—
—On, which was made by dexterous Black—
—Smith. If its Pedigree you aſk,
'Tis this. *Vulcan*, the Smith to *Saturn*,
To great *Jove* gave it to ſerve a turn:
*Jove Hermes* gave it, that Conniver,
Who *Pelops* left it the Horſe-driver;
Now *Pelops* ſold it for a Caſtor
To *Atreus* the Tun-belly'd Paſtor,
Who dying left it to *Thyeſtes*,
The Goat-herd; he (in troth no jeſt 'tis)
It to *Atrides* did deliver
For him, and eke his Heirs for ever.
This is the Truncheon's Pedigree;
Now, what *Atrides* ſpake, let's ſee:
My truſty Friends, and Sons of *Mars*,
*Jove* now begins to hang an Arſe:
Who tho' he promis'd once his Thunder,
To knock down *Troy*, he now knocks under:

Some

Some Maggot working in his Brain,
He orders us to Sea again.
And yet there's none, that dares diſpute wi'm,
His potent Thunder will confute him.
But ſince we've loſt ſo many tall Lads,
And now to flinch, in wicked Ballads
Our Sons will curſe us in all Weathers,
And Rhyme us to the Dev'l with *Withers*,
Since we have been at ſo much Expence
To gain a Town, and not get Six-pence.
Alas! Nine Years we've been Entrenching,
By *Jove*, much better w'ed been Wenching.
Our tackle now begins to moulder,
And every Day it ſtill grows older:
So are our Wives, who now grow ſtale,
And for a Teſter turn up tail:
We muſt expect they have been jerk'd,
They can't live long unleſs they're firk'd.
Therefore, ſays King *Atrides* cogging,
Let's now hoiſt up Sail, and be jogging.
This ſaid, it caus'd a ſtrong Commotion
I'th' Mob, who ſwallow'd down the Potion.
This News their Joy and Courage rouzes,
To think they now ſhould ſee their Blouzes.
With Noiſe they rumbled Merriment,
And jovially away they went.
Juſt ſo th' *Icarian* Billows roar,
By adverſe Tempeſts tumbled o'er.

So *Zephyrs* ruſtle on the ridge,
And middle of a Quick-ſet Hedge.
Each Captain now repairs to's Lighter,
To mend old Cracks, and make it tighter,
Stopping up Holes upwards and downwards,
To make it fit to bear him homewards.
As they went on in ſober ſadneſs,
*Juno* ev'n bit her Lips for Madneſs:
And thus ſhe to her Daughter *Pallas*
Spoke, as I now ſhall tell ye: Alas!
What pity 'tis, the noble Græcians,
Both Common Soldiers and Patricians,
Looſe now their Glory, and their Charges,
By ſneaking homewards in their Barges!
Leaving behind 'em Captive *Helen*.
Make halt, or elſe they'll be a Mile on
Their way to Greece; run with quick pace,
And put a ſtop to all their haſte.
Inſpire, infuſe into 'em Courage,
To exerciſe 'gainſt Trojans more Rage.
This ſaid, as ſoon as ſhe was able,
She came among the Maſt and Cable.
Finding *Ulyſſes*, who was moping
On top of Deck, ſhe thus beſpoke him:
Thou gen'rous Son of good *Laertes*,
And is it poſſible thy Heart is
So ne'er thy Heels, thou muſt diſcover
Thy Cowardiſe by giving over?

And

And leave the Glory of being Victor
Unto the Trojans and to *Hector*?
For Shame, my Lad, now you are well in,
How can you tamely yield up *Helen*?
*Helen* the Beauty, on whoſe ſcore
Thouſands of Greeks have dy'd in Gore?
Call up your Courage, and your Pikemen,
And order 'em to ſtand to't like Men.
In ſmooth, yet ſtrong Poetick Rapture,
Urge 'em to fight to the laſt Chapter.
So ſaid, he knew her vocal Treble,
And ran as faſt as he was able,
Throwing his Cloak off in ſuch Fury,
As ſhew'd his quickneſs, I'll aſſure ye:
His Cloak ta'en up by *Eurybates*,
Who follow'd him, ſcarce at the rate, as
His Maſter ran, who with long ſtri-des
Hap'ned to meet with King *Atrides*;
Of whom his Truncheon ſtrait he borrow'd,
And having gone with him 'bout two Rood,
He all the Captains in his Ramble
Saluted thus with this Preamble:
My Heart of Oak, be not untoward,
Nor manifeſt your ſelf a Coward;
For you will much repent on't one Day,
When you will know *Atrides* funn'd ye.
Why, mun, I'm let into the Plot;
It is to try what Heart you've got.

And to trudge home again whoſe Vote is,
Wo be to him, who in his Coat is!
He had almoſt as well be under
The craſh of *Jupiter*'s dire Thunder.
But when he heard any o'th' Rabble
About returning homewards ſquabble,
Then would he wrap 'em on the Pate,
And thus ſeverely would debate:
Why how now, Buff, and what's the clutter?
What's here to do? What is't you mutter?
You'd beſt be mute, or chuſe you, whether
You'll have your Neck and Heels together.
Muſt you be Vap'ring here, you lounzy
Tatterdemallion? Cod I'll trounce ye.
And how is it you keep a Coil here?
What! are you turning a *Wat Tyler!*
To bring us all upon the Level?
You had as good bring in the Devil.
Yon know not you were born to ſtoop.
Pretend to Rule? Marry come up.
I'm ſure you have not done the Taſk yet,
Can ſhew that you deſerve your Muſket.
After this manner Domineering*
He kept the Army all from veering.
And now it was they kept a bauling
A ſecond time, to call 'em all in.

* Such

* Such Noiſe the Ocean, when turn'd Royſter,
Makes, while it throws up many an Oyſter.
And when they were in Council ſitting,
Solemn, and Grave, like Quaker's Meeting;
Up riſes ſtrait a gifted Brother,
The *Bull* and *Mouth* han't ſuch another:
His Heatheniſh Name was call'd *Therſytes*,
And now I'll tell you who this *Wight* is:
He's always an eternal Rattle,
Will never flinch at Verbal Battle.
He ne'er in Napkin hides his Talent;
For ev'n † Kings know't, he is a Gallant.
And when-ſo-e'er he once begins,
Beſlaves th' Ungodly for their Sins.
And ſcreams ſo loud aided by th' Spirit.
That three Miles diſtant you may hear it:
His clumſy Limbs, and awkard Shape,
Make him appear a very Ape.
He had a whiſking Hunch his Back on,
So big, that you may hang your Hat on,
And when-ſo-e'er he takes his Text,
His Noſe he turns up Circumflext.
His Shoulders rounder ſtill and rounder,
And with a ſplay Mouth, like a Flounder.

---

* Ἠχῇ, ὡς ὅτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.
† —— —— ἐειζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν·

His

is * Head aſpiring in ſuch State,
ou'd think he wore a high-crown'd Hat.
Limps with diſtorted Joints, and ſquinting
e looks Nine ways all in a twinkling.
The Hairs of 's Beard kept at a diſtance,
o trim 'em needed no aſſiſtance.
is Cheeks all ſhrivell'd are, and thin,
very Razor is his Chin.
ure Nature made him for a Jeſt,
nd gave him ſpite enough t' infeſt
he toping Greeks. The ſage *Ulyſſes*
is Rage and Bauling never miſſes.
gainſt the King his plaguy Satyr
e'er fail'd to find ſufficient Matter.
nd thus he roar'd aloud, that they mout
ear him to Hell at top of Gamut: †
hy King, and canſt thou be uneaſy?
hat, in the Devils Name, will pleaſe you?
ave you not in your Tabernacle
hoice Whores, of whom you may partake all?
ay, there's not one in all our Trenches,
unconſcionable for the Wenches.

---

* ——— αὐτὰρ ὑπερθε
οξὸς ἔλω Κεφαλὴν ———
† Φολκὸς ἔλω, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα ———
* ——— ἰσχνὴ δ' ἐπινήνοθε λαιχμή.
† Ὀξέα κικλήσκω ———

We

We ne'er take Captive Trojan's Daughter,
But your Mouth Waters to be at her.
If any She is found to * ſtraggle,
You whip her up in your Seragle.
Fye! 'tis a ſhame you ſet a Camp full
A ſinning by your bad Example:
Who have ſo carry'd on the Matter,
They are become as weak as Water.
So much they now unlike are to Men,
They are as uſeleſs as our † Women.
'Tis time they ſend their Calves to Graſs,
And live no longer at this paſs.
They ſoon will want Boots that are fit
Upon their Cat-ſtick Legs to ſet.
We never ſhall forget the Diſtreſs
*Achilles* ſuffer'd for his Miſtreſs;
Haul'd away by Bum-bailiffs *raptim*;
Were I as he, I ſhould have ſlap'd 'em.
*Ulyſſes* in a mighty Paſſion,
Seeing him blunt in Application,
Made him give o'er at a ſhort warning,
Who elſe had held it out 'till Morning.

---

* ——— ἵνα μίσγεαι ἐν φιλότητι
Ἦν τ' αὐτὸς ἀπονόσφι κατίσχεαι; ———
† ——— Ἀχαϊάδες, οὐκ Ἀχαιοί.

Thou

Thou Jackanapes, ſaid he, thou Monkey,
The King has reaſon much to thank ye,
That with his Vices dar'ſt alarm one,
And maul him in long-winded Sermon.
Thou ſcurrilous, and chatt'ring Attick,
Thou *Oliver*, thou curs'd Fanatick,
That canſt ſo boldly cant, and whine-o
'Gainſt him, who's King *Jure Divino*,
And with his lawful Subjects tamper,
To make 'em from Allegiance ſcamper.
Thou Knight of the ill-favour'd Face,
Open again that Mouth of Braſs,
And may my Head drop off my Shoulder,
Which quite would ſpoil me for a Soldier;
And may *Telemachus*, my darling,
Tell me, his Mother has been parlying
With Fops, to feague her who endeavour,
If, Rogue, I bruſh not up thy Beavor.
‡ I'll ſtrip thee of thy Shirt, I ſack,
And on thy bare Ribs will ſo thwack,
A good Cart-whip ſhall ſcourge thy Back
Down *Addle-hill* to *Puddle-dock*, *
'Till you cry, good *Ulyſſes*, knock.

---

‡ Εἰ μὴ ἐγώ σε λαβὼν, ἀπὸ μὲν φίλα εἵματα δύσω
Χλαῖναν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα ———

* ——— δυὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφήσω.

As

As earneſt, ſtrait *Ulyſſes* hops,
And gives him a damn'd douſe o'th' chops;
Which made him ſob, and baul, and Whine,
Like a *predeſtinated Swine.*
For Grief between his Teeth he jabber'd,
And Snot, and Rheum he vilely ſlabber'd.
But when he cou'd find no relieving,
He wip'd his Eyes, and Noſe, his Sleeve in.
It made 'em wonderful good Paſtime
To ſee *Laertes* Son thus baſt him.
And thus they ſpoke their Satisfaction:
Noble *Ulyſſes* in this Action
Has prov'd a worthy Fellow truly
In drubbing the old Quack ſo bluely.
Sure we ſhall have no more in Pickle
The ſcur'lous Dregs of Conventicle,
No more Lampoons on Monarchy,
And Flouriſhes on Anarchy.
So joak'd the merry Greeks *Proterve*,
And 'mong the reſt there ſtood *Minerva*,
Dreſs'd up ſo arch, you cou'd not tell, Man,
But that ſhe was a very * Bell-man;
Dreſs'd all in Red, with turn'd up Eyes,
O yes, O yes, O yes, ſhe cries,

---

* ——————— Ἀθήνη
Εἰσδραμοῦσα Κήρυκι, Σιωπᾷν λαὸν ἀνώγει.

To

To introduce cunning *Ulyſſes*,
Going to ſpeak, and whoſe Speech this is:
Moſt Noble King, your Subjects ſtrive
To make you the worſt Fool alive.
For tho' they promiſed you fair,
To help you in the toil of War
At *Argos*, where's good Prog for Horſes, †
Yet now their Promiſe of no force is:
Nor think they they're oblig'd to ſtand to't,
Altho' Nine Years they've put their Hand to't.
* They cry like Children, or a Widow,
To be ſent home without much ado.
But yet, if on the Caſe we muſe,
They're not ſo much without excuſe.
For many a one, who in a Lighter
Is carrying Coals, if it grows Night, e'er
He can get home, while dreadful Thunder
Threatens to rend the Bark aſunder,
And, if there chance to come a Wave in,
And from the Veſſel almoſt lave him,
In piteous tone you hear him roar,
Dear Wife, I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
What juſt Excuſes then have you here,
Who've ſerv'd a Prentiſhip and Two Year,

† ——— ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο

* Ὡς γὰρ οἱ παῖδες νεαροὶ χῆραί τε γυναῖκες
Ἀλλήλοισιν ὀδύρεσθον οἶκόν δ' ἱκέσθον·

Working with formidable Blade,
Yet are not Maſters of your Trade?
But yet, my Lads, let's not deſpair,
We'll not return, ſince come thus far.
How we like Fools ſhall look, when Nonpluſt
We go without our Work accompliſh'd.
Let's longer ſtay, my buſhy ſtrong-locks,
To ſee if *Calcas* be i'th' wrong Box.
You may remember, Sirs, the Omen
That hap'ned at the Altar to Men,
And interrupted their Devotion,
When a fierce Dragon in quick Motion
Flew up the Tree, as quick as Arrow,
To ſeize the Neſt of an old Sparrow:
This fiery Serpent, ſadly hiſſing,
Gorged down Eight young — for Eight were miſſing.
The * old one made the Ninth; for all that
The ravenous Beaſt her Quarters call'd at,
And in the twinkling of a Broom-ſtick
Made no more of her, than a Drum-ſtick.
We ſtood, and trembled at the Monſter,
And none the meaning on't could conſter,
'Till *Chalcas*, being in the middle,
Got up, and thus explain'd the Riddle:

---

* — ἀτὰρ μήτηρ ἐνάτη ἦν, ἣ τίκε τέκνα.

"Since

" Since Eight the Monſter did devour,
" With cruel Teeth, and eke one more,
" Which then made Nine, ſo I aver,
" That you'll exactly be Nine Year,
" Before you'll win, by Siege, *Troy* Town,
" But on the Tenth you'll bring it down.
Thus far the Prophet's in the right;
We have but one Year more, let's try't,
Accurſt be he that it deny'th,
We've had Nine Years, let's have the Tyth.
When he had ſpoke the Sentence out,
They Epilogu'd it with a ſhout.
Then ſtood up *Neſtor*, that old Stager,
And ſpoke, as tho' 'twere for a Wager;
May I be hang'd, if in my Conſcience
I ever hear'd ſuch curſed Non-ſenſe.
† You talk like little Boys, or Laſſes,
That know no more of War, than Aſſes.
Shall we in th' Execution faulter
Of that, we ſwore to at the Altar?
And wound our Conſciences by Perjury,
Not to be cur'd by Art of Surgery?
We can in no wiſe find Expedients
To free us from our ſworn Obedience;

---

† —— ἢ ῥ' ὅγε παισὶν ἐοικότες ἀγορόωντο
Νηπιάχοις, οἷς ὄτε μέλλει πόλεμος τε ἔργα τε.

Until full Ten Years firſt are ended,
And then 'tis time to be diſbanded.
Therefore, O King, you may, by'r Lady,
Venture to Rule a Year, and a Day.
If there be any not ſubmitting,
They ſhall be trounc'd for't, as 'tis fitting.
I'm ſure, *Jove* gave us a good Omen
In our Way hither on the Common,
When his bright Lightning kiſt our Faces:
Therefore we now will mend our paces,
And ſcorn now to be homewards ſtealing,
Before we have recovered *Helen*,
Reſtored her to her Huſband's Houſe,
* And niggled every Trojan Spouſe.
I hope by *George*, we ſhall the Luck hold
For every one to make a Cuckold.
If any are for homewards ſneaking,
Before that glorious undertaking,
Let him but ſhew his Face, and Zoons
I'll puniſh him with loſs of Stones.
My King, I give you this advice,
Which you will follow, if you'r Wiſe.
Sort all your Men in ſeveral Cluſters,
For eaſineſs to him that Muſters.

---

* Τῷ μή πως φεὶν ἐπειγέδω οἶκόν δε νέεσθαι,
Πρὶν πινὰ παρ' Τρώων ἀλόχῳ κατακοιμηθῆναι,
Τίσασθαι δ' Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε, στοναχάς τε.

You'll

You'll know, what Captain then, or Cornet,
Will prove a lazy Drone, or Hornet;
And who's moſt eager for the Battle,
And whoſe Teeth in his Mouth do rattle.
You then will know, by the Lord *Harry*,
What is the Cauſe, if we Miſcarry:
Whether for *Jove*'s Indiſpoſition
To help, or want of Ammunition.
He having done, the King made Anſwer;
I muſt proteſt, my noble Grandſir,
So much I like what you relate here,
A Lawyer's Clerk could not prate better.
† I would to *Pallas*, *Jove*, *Apollo*,
I had but Ten could hoop and hollow
At this pure rate, I ſhould not doubt
Out of *Troy* Town to roar 'em out.
I'm vext, that *Jove* ſhould intermeddle,
And make me with *Achilles* ſquabble.
And now, when I think on't demurely,
I much was in the wrong moſt ſurely
To take his Wench, but if we ever
Our Horſes chance to ſet together,
We'll not, like Fools, fall out again,
But put the Trojans out of Pain.

---

† Αἲ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, καὶ Ἀθηναίη, καὶ Ἄπολλον,
Τοιῶτοι δέκα μοι,
Τῷ κε τάχ' ἠμύσειε πόλις Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος.

We now will go, and take our Suppers;
Then Wo betide the Trojan Cruppers.
Sharpen the Sword, and Battle-ax,
That we may nicely ſhave their Backs.
* You, Gentlemen Dragoons, take care
To get your Horſes Provender.
And you that in your Chariots Murder,
See to't, that all things be in order;
That we all Day our Swords may uſe,
And nothing, but the Night, cauſe Truce.
† We, and our Horſes, largely Sweating,
Shall ſhew the Rage we uſe in beating.
Let me but ſee the Man, who's wiſhing
To be in the Encounter miſſing,
And I will cauſe his Pluck, and Lights,
To be a Feaſt for Dogs and Kites.
Thus ending, they huzza'd the King,
And made the ecchoing Shore to ring.
Juſt ſo the North Wind 'gainſt a Rock
Daſhes the Waves with horrid ſhock.
They ſcatt'ring, each repairs to's Skiff,
And there ſome Eat, ſome Drink, ſome Whiff: *

---

* Εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δεῖπνον δόμεν ὠκυπόδεσσιν.

† Ἱδρώσει μὲν δή τευ τελαμὼν ἀμφὶ στήθεσσιν
Ἱδρώσει δὲ μὲν ἵππος ἐύξοον ἅρμα πονεύμενος.

* Κάπνισάν τε καὶ ἀλσάς ——

So

So merrily they quaff'd, no wonder,
If many an honeſt Cock knock'd under.
There you might ſee one ſaying Grace
Over his Diſh, and Hat o'er Face,
Begging *Jove* with him would compound,
Bring him from Battle ſafe and ſound.
The King himſelf (as I am told)
† Gave a fat Heifer, Five Years old,
To *Jupiter*; 'twas ſweet, as Pork.
He and his Knights ſtrait fall to Work:
Old *Neſtor*, and *Idomeneüs*,
And eke the Son of Runt *Tydeüs*,
Stout *Ajax*, and his ſtouter Brother,
And ſly *Ulyſſes* made another.
Then there were Seven, but yet becauſe
There might be Eight, came *Menelaus*.
* They all ſat round the Rump of Beef,
And *Agamemnon*, being chief,
Did conſecrate (as he was able)
The Meat, and Knights of the round Table:
" O! *Jove*, that makeſt Tempeſts fly,
" And liv'ſt above Ten Story high,

---

† Αὐτὰρ ὁ βοῦν ἱέρευσιν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
Πίονα πενταέτηρον ——

* Βοῦν δ' ὄρεξάσθην ——

" † Let not *Apollo* dout his Flambeau,
" Before I give *Hector* a damn'd blow,
" And cut in two his Coat of Mail,
" And make him, and his Friends, turn tail.
" Then let us enter *Priam*'s Palace,
" And ſend him, and his Sons, to th' Gallows.
But *Jove* at this confounded Pray'r,
Turned the deaf ſide of his Ear.
Now they fall to it in a Paſſion,
And cut, and mangle it, and haſh on,
And tear the Fleſh on't, enough to make
One ſpew; it would ſo turn ones Stomach.
So have I ſeen in private Acad—
—Emy the Sophs to ſlaſh, and hack it.
And when the Noiſe was o'er, I'll pledge ye,
Up *Neſtor* gravely ſtands ſo ſage he:
Then to the King in Warlike tone;
Now we have finiſh'd, let's be gone,
And meet the Enemy in Battle.
But firſt let Drums and Trumpets rattle,
To put us all in ſuch a plight,
We may be even mad to fight.
Then you might hear a warlike din,
That made 'em all come rumbling in:
And ſtaring *Pallas* 'mong the reſt,
Who had a Buckler of the beſt,

---

† Μὴ πρὶν ἐπ' ἠέλιον δῦναι —

With

With Braſs Studs decking it all round,
I warrant ye, it coſt Five Pound.
With this ſhe ſhoves 'em on to Battle,
Like ſo many ſtout Herd of Cattle:
* And gives 'em ſuch an itch of fighting,
That they wou'd now take more delight in
Bubbling the Trojans of their Lives,
Then they would take to k—— their Wives.
Now in bright Armour they move on,
† So bright that it put out the Sun:
Their Number equal to the Sands,
* Outvying Flocks of Geeſe, or Swans.
You never ſaw inſide, and outward,
So many *Piſmires* in a Cow-turd.
*Atrides* heard of all this rout,
With deadly courage fac'd about.
Juſt ſo a Bull with ſwinging Horns
Sticks Arſe in Hedge, and Danger ſcorns.
But now, ye Rampant Muſes, now
I would proceed, but know not how,
To tell the Name of ev'ry Prince,
That ſtood before *Troy* Town long ſince.

---

* ——— ἐν ὃ δεύτῳ ὦρσεν ἑκάστῳ
Καρδίῃ ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν, ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
† Αἴγλη παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος ἤεσαν ἴκε.
——— ——— ἔθνεα πολλὰ
Χηνῶν, ἢ Κύκνων ———

Had I Brass Mouth, Ten Clappers in't,
A Voice of Thunder, Heart of Flint,
I could not tell ye in parade,
Their damn'd hard Names, without your Aid.
* * * * * * *

*Hiatus in Manuscripto terq; quaterq; defiendus.*

The

# The Third Book of *HOMER.*

## The Argument.

*Young* Alexander, *that* Jackſtraw,
*Does boldly challenge* Menelau.
*He'd pay'd too dear for the Bravado,*
*And loſt his Life without more ado;*
*Had not kind* Venus *in a miſt*
*Convey'd the Hero, where ſhe liſt.*
*And where d'ye think ſhe him convey'd?*
*But into a moſt ſtately Bed:*
*Where he perform'd (as I'll relate here)*
*A Duel of another Nature.*

NOW

NOW all are for the Fight accouter'd,
Well fortify'd inside, and outward.
With ſhocking Sound, and horrid Noiſe,
Come thundring on the Trojan Boys.
With ſuch a Noiſe (as Stories tell us)
* The Cranes ſurround thoſe little Fellows,
Call'd Pigmies, worſting 'em in Fight:
*Preſto*, be gone, they'r out of ſight.
The Greeks with ſilence all proceed,
Prepar'd to do the bloody Deed.
In treading ſuch a duſt they made,
They might be ſaid to walk in Shade:
† Such darkneſs does a miſt procure,
Which an old Shepherd can't endure,
Tho' it might pleaſe a thieving Spark,
Taking Advantage, when 'twas Dark.
They now were almoſt come ſo cloſe,
To tread upon each others Toes;
Where you might ſee, as a Commander,
O'th' Trojans ſide, Runt *Alexander*:
Over his Shoulders he was clad
With a ſtrong Leopardine Plad.

---

* Ἠυτε τῶν κλαγγὴ γερανῶν πέλει ἠερόθεν περ
Ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον, καὶ κῆρα φέρηται.

† ——— κατέχυτο δ' Ὁμίχλῃ
Ποιμέσιν ἔπ φίλῳ, κλέπτῃ δέ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνων.

Two

Two Spears he brandiſh'd with his Fiſts,
And dar'd the Greeks t' enter the Liſts.
He vap'ring thus, and domineering,
Set *Menelaus* King a ſneering;
Who brought his Troop up in Battali,
Ready to fall on, or to rally.
As a fierce Lyon, when ſharp ſet,
Turns himſelf round to ſpy his Meat,
Is glad to entertain his Eyes
With Stags, or Goats, or ſome ſuch Prize,
Does eaſily his Stomach find,
Tho' Dogs and Hunters are behind:
So *Menelaus* pleaſed was
To ſee the Stripling vaunt, becauſe
H' an Opportunity had got
To drub him well for—— he knew what.
He quickly ſprings from his Gallaſh
To fall upon the Pimp ſlap-daſh.
Which the trim Daſtard being aware of,
(I promiſe you) began to Sheer off:
And was in a moſt heavy taking,
Leſt ſo he ſhould not ſave his Bacon.
So when a Man a Serpent ſpies,
He ſtrait diſcovers his Surpriſe:
His Cheeks turn pale, and, (well-a-day!)
He's e'en prepar'd to ſwound away.
His Knees knock one againſt another,
And much ado have to get further.

*Hector,*

*Hector*, perceiving him turn tail,
In this rough manner 'gan to rail:
Thou ſmock fac'd, tim'rous, baſtard, Knight,
‖ I would thou ne'er hadſt ſeen the Light:
Or long hadſt dy'd before thy Marriage,
Rather than by this ſhameful carriage
Bring Ignominy and Diſgrace
Upon your ſelf, and all your Race.
How will the Græcians banter this,
And play upon your boyiſh Phiz?
So Feminine, unfit for Battle,
They'll Chriſten you a Squib, a Rattle;
In that you ſtole a *Bona Roba*,
And durſt not juſtify it to day!
Do you not know, whoſe Wife you have?
The Wife of one reſolv'd and brave.
That Face of yours, tho' patch'd, and painted,
Will ſtink, when with the Duſt acquainted.
Thou Newgate-Bird!—— (Pox take this couplet)
† Mayſt thou for ever wear Stone-doublet.
Then ſtrait replyed *Sawny* the little:
Why do you dreſs me up in Pickle?
And ſlave, and jeer me at this rate?
I had as live you broke my Pate.

---

‖ Αἴθ' ὄφελές τ' ἄγονός τ' ἔμμεναι, ἄγαμός τ' ἀπόλεσθαι.
† Λαΐνον ἕσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἕνεκ' ὄφρα ἔοργας.

Tho'

Tho' you've a Heart—— the Dev'l can't match it—
‖ As tough, and ſtout, as any Hatchet,
That will make way, and boldly enter,
Guided by brawny Ship-Carpenter;
How dare you jeer my comely Feature,
Which manifeſts the God's good Nature?
You term my Glory, my Diſgrace:
Much good may do you, with hatch'd Face:
Keep in your Breath to cool your Porridge;
You ſhall not ſay, that I want Courage.
Make but a ſpacious Ring about,
And he, and I, will box it out,
Let him that has the greater force,
Take *Nell* for better, or for worſe.
And to whoſe Lot ſhall fall fair *Helen*,
Let him in Peace repair to's Dwelling.
  Theſe Words of his pleas'd *Hector*, more
Than any thing he ſpoke before;
Who with his Spear ſtood in the middle,
And did the Trojan's Courage bridle.
But the unthinking Græcian Hive
Pelted his Pate with Stones full drive:
When *Agamemnon* in the Nick
Cry'd out, hold, hold, pray, not ſo quick.

---

‖ Αἰεί τοι κεφαλὴ πλήκτης ἄς, ὅτις ἀτειρὴς,

Contain

Contain your ſelves, for I conjecture,
That ſomething would be ſaid by *Hector*.
They thereupon their Rage gave o'er,
And *Hector* loudly thus did roar:
Hark ye, my bonny Lads, what ſay ye,
Ye Men of *Troy*, and of *Achaia*,
If I for once, like a Phyſician,
Prognoſticate our Wars Deciſion?
And thus it is; my Brother *Paris*,
Whoſe Skin is white, and red his Hair is,
Dares *Menelaus* to the Combat,
To do his beſt when e'er the Drum beat:
And he, that has the greateſt Luck here,
May take fair *Nelly*, and go f—k her.
Then all of us, both Greeks, and Trojans,
May go in Peace to their own Lodgings.
Here *Hector* ſtop'd, and made a pauſe,
And up ſtood Gaffer *Menelaus*:
Hear me, ye mighty Men of Blade,
I hug the Challenge that is made.
Since ſuch great Numbers for your ſake
Do here their Lives, and Fortunes ſtake,
'Tis juſt, that each ſhould ſpare his Neighbour,
And we each others ſides belabour.
Bring me Two Lambs, one Black, one White,
To *Terra*, and the God of Light,
Let one of 'em a Victim prove;
While we the other give to *Jove*.

Let

Let *Priam* a Spectator be,
To hinder ought of Perjury.
For he himſelf will prove no Daſtard,
† Altho' his Son's a lying Baſtard.
He may prevent our future odds,
Nor ſuffer us to chouſe the Gods.
It pleas'd the Soldiers to a Hair
To think they ſhould give over War.
They ſtrip themſelves with ſpeed all round,
And throw their Weapons on the Ground.
*Hector* Two Trumpeters ſtrait ſent
Unto *Troy* Town, with the Intent
To bring King *Priami*, and the Victim:
To haſten their Return, he kick'd 'em.
But *Agamemnon* ſent *Talthybу*
To fetch the Lambs; who went Tantivy.
While thus in haſt they both ways buckled,
‖ *Iris* to *Helen* came white-knuckled.
*Laodice*'s fine ſhape, and ſize,
She took to humour her diſguiſe.
It hap't, ſhe *Helen* found within dore,
Weaving Bone-lace, and near the Windore,
And much of Fancy, and of Riddle,
She had accompliſh'd by her Needle.

---

† —— ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ἐφράζαλοι, ἠδ' ἄπιστοι.
‖ —— Ἑλένῃ λᾶκωλένῳ. ——

But

But her moſt celebrated Piece
Was— the long Wars of *Troy* and *Greece*;
Which ſhe had humour'd to a Wonder,
And neceſſary Hints writ under;
Leſt one ſhould miſs in the Conjecture,
'Twas under written, This is *Hector*,
This is *Ulyſſes*, and This Beaſt
*Therſytes*, ſo of all the reſt.

Thus *Iris* ſpoke; Fair Nymph, look out,
See what the Armies are about,
How they fling down their Pikes, and Spears,
Nor lug each other by the Ears.
But leave that Point to their Commanders,
To *Menelaus*, and *Alexandrus*,
Who are to Combat for the Prize
Of your reſiſtleſs conq'ring Eyes.

This Speech brought into *Helen*'s Mind
Things ſhe in *Greece* had left behind.
Now ſhe her Huſband long'd to view,
Her Parents, and her Country too.
The Tears came trickling from her Eyes;
While ſhe to a Balcony flies,
Follow'd b' a brace of tall and ſlender
Young Chambermaids, that did attend her;
To whom came afterwards King *Priam*,
With ſome grave Nobles, that did eye 'em:
Old Peers, grown uſeleſs now for fighting,
But ſtill in female Wars delighting.

They

They by their Whiſkers had been ſmelling
Out the fair Beauty of Queen *Helen*;
And could not for their Blood forbear
To talk in Raptures of the Fair:
Cheap are the ſultry toils of War,
And honourable ev'ry Scar,
By Soldier got in the defence
Of ſuch a dazz'ling Excellence.
But yet, if we conſult our eaſe,
We ought to ſend her back to *Greece*.
While they on this Harrangue were dwelling,
Old *Priam* thus addreſſes *Helen*:
Come here, my Mackaroon, my Hony,
And take a view of your old Crony,
View all your Friends, and ſee your Couſins,
Who are together by whole dozens.
Tell me, my Girl, who's that large Fellow,
That ſtruts along, whoſe Saſh is yellow?
So tall he is above the reſt,
They ſcarce can come up to his Breaſt.
I warrant you, a ſtout old Cuff,
As ever travell'd under Buff.
To whom thus *Helen* gave an Anſwer;
Would I had dy'd, my noble Grandſir,
When *Paris* took me, as his Prey,
O'er Hills, and Seas, and far away;
Leaving behind my deareſt Friends,
Who almoſt are at their Wits ends;

And my poor little Girl (alas!)
Wants her Mamma. — But let that paſs —
Now to your Queſtion, Sir; you'd know,
If I can tell, who's that long Beau,
That is ſo eminently tall?
Why him they *Agamemnon* call.
Odſo, quoth *Priam*, then 'tis he,
A cleaver Dog, as one ſhall ſee.
Among the Phrygians I have been,
And not a tighter Fellow ſeen.
I'm ſure no Amazon Virago,
Whoſe Looks would put one in an Ague,
Could ever cope this Man of Strength,
But would lie proſtrate at his Length.
Riddle-my-ree, my Girl, what's that
Round-ſhoulder'd thing in the flouch'd Hat,
That comically down and up
† For all the World goes, like a Top?
Sir, tho' unpromiſing his Viſage,
He is the wiſeſt Man of his Age,
I'm ſure, there not a Child in *Greece* is,
But knows the Cunning of *Ulyſſes*;
He is as good a Politician,
Believe me, Sir, as one need wiſh one.

† Ἀργείῳ μὲν ἔγωγε ἐΐσκω πηχυμάλλῳ.

Ay,

Ay, quoth *Antenor*, you ſay right,
I knew him well by the firſt ſight;
For he it was and *Menelaus*,
That lodged for ſometime at my Houſe;
When they on Embaſſy were come
On your account, I gave 'em room.
'Twas then I clearly underſtood
Their Soul and Bodies Magnitude.
The Cuckold had a broader Shoulder,
But then *Ulyſſes* look'd the older.
The firſt indeed was no great prater,
But when he ſpoke, ſpoke to the Matter.
*Ulyſſes*, when he would give Proof
Of Eloquence, look'd ſour, and gruff,
With down caſt Eyes he view'd the Ground,
As if to ſpeak what there he found:
But then ſoft melting Words would flow
From his ſmooth Tongue, like flakes of Snow.
Tell me, what brawny Fellow's he,
Says *Priamus*, whom there I ſee,
The Græcian's Man of mickle Might?
Quoth *Helen*, he is *Ajax* hight.
And he behind him (if you ſee't)
Is *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*.
And there are very many more,
Whom once I knew in days of Yore.
But by my Spouſe his ſwinging B——ks,
I ſee not here *Caſtor* and *Pollux*,

My

My own dear Brothers, whom one Mother
Litter'd at one time or another.
Perhaps they're now at *Lacedæmon*,
And durſt not venture to be Seamen;
Or if they're come, they're in the Lighters,
And care not to be active Fighters.
But ſhe wiſt not, that *Alma Tellus*
Detain'd at home theſe lazy Fellows.
The Cryers brought the Sacrifice,
And made things ready in a trice.
But firſt King *Priam* muſt be call'd,
And one of 'em thus loudly baul'd:
Ariſe, O King, and come down hither,
Where we are all of us together.
For there's no plighting Faith, and Troth,
Unleſs you come, and take your Oath.
Then *Priam* called for his Chariot,
And gave them Orders where to carr'it.
He ſoon was brought unto the Ring,
And there ſaluted by the King,
By *Menelaus* and *Ulyſſes*,
With bended Knees, whoſe Hands he kiſſes.
Theſe Ceremony-mongers now
Began to uſher in the Vow:

‖ They pour out Wine into the Platter,
And on the King they ſprinkle Water.
*Atrides* a huge Knife lugg'd out,
Which was Three Inches full about;
And always ſtuck in Hole of Button.
He cut ſome Hairs from off the Mutton.
And each of all the Rulers there
Had one of 'em for his own Share.
And then he with uplifted Eyes
Pray'd with loud Voice, and on this wiſe:
O *Jupiter!* whoſe ſpecial Care
In *Ida*'s ſeen, hear thou my Pray'r.
O *Phœbus*, Rivers, Earth, and all,
That puniſh Falſhood, you I call,
As Witneſſes to what I ſay;
If *Paris Menelaus* ſlay,
Let him keep *Nell*; in doleful dumps
While we trudge home upon our Stumps.
But if by *Menelaus* might
*Paris* be worſted in the Fight,
Then ſhall the Trojans quick reſtore
The Wench, and put her in our Pow'r.
Beſide they ſhall a forfeit pay
For kidnapping the Laſs away.

---

‖ —— —— χρηπῆες ϗ οἶνον
Μίσγον ἀπὸ βασιλῆϊ ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχεαν.

If

If *Paris* periſh in the Field,
And *Priam* ſhould refuſe to yield
The Fine aforeſaid, I will fight,
'Till I by force of Arms come by't.
  Theſe Words he had no ſooner ſpoke,
But with a mighty Butchers ſtroak
He cleft the Lamb's Two Jaws in twain,
Who (poor things!) trembled on the Plain;
When they cou'd take in no more Breath,
They yielded to the ſtroak of Death.
Some Zealot in the midſt o'th' Croud
Utter'd this hearty Curſe aloud:
  " O *Jupiter*, and all the reſt,
" That puniſh Lying in the beſt,
" Who e'er proves guilty of this Sin,
" † May's Brains run out, as does this Wine,
" ‡ And may his Wife become ſo Whoriſh,
" To be the Drainer of the Pariſh.
  Now *Priam* roſe up to be gone;
Says he, I cannot ſee my Son,
My darling Son, ſo hard put to't,
As he may be in this Diſpute.
But *Jove* foreſees beſt, who will have
The Victory, and who the Grave.

---

† Ὣ δέ σφ' ἐγκοτέοντι χαμαδὶς ῥέοι, ὡς ὅδε οἶνος,
‡ —— —— ἄλοχοι δ' ἄλλοισι μιγεῖεν·

His

His fooliſh fond Concern, and Pity,
Carry'd the old Sire to the City.
*Ulyſſes* now, and *Hector* ſtout,
The Limits of the Fight chalk'd out;
And then they huſtled in a Cap,
To know which ſhould give the firſt ſlap:
And one of 'em, I know not which,
Talk'd to great *Jove*, and us'd this Speech:
O *Jove!* that know'ſt the Heart of Sinner,
May of theſe Champions he prove winner,
Who an't accountable thy ſight in,
For all theſe bloody Wars and Fighting.
But may the other fall, and die,
And to the Devil go, ſay I.
To *Paris* fell the lucky caſt,
Who now to arm himſelf makes haſt:
* He faſtens on his Boots with Pins,
On purpoſe to ſecure his Shins:
His Breaſt-plate on he after ſtuck;
'Twas Wiſdom to ſecure his Pluck:
His Stick-frog next hung at his Breech,
And then to ſhew his wild Caprich,

---

* Κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκε,
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας

† A Horſes tail on Helmet top
He ſtuck, which look'd like any Mop:
And in this Bedlamitiſh figure
Strutted about to ſhew his Vigor.
And *Menelaus* on the contrary
In warlike Garb did not much vary.
Ready for Fight, they both look gruff;
And now they give 'em room enough.
*Paris* puts on a woeful Phiz,
And from his Hand his Lance goes whiz,
And does with wondrous haſt alight
Upon the Shield of's Oppoſite,
Which does no harm, but only raſe
A little th' outſide of the Braſs.
And now it was high time (I trow)
For t'other Knight to throw his throw.
Yet e'er he ſpent his Ammunition,
He dunn'd poor *Jove* with this Petition:
" O *Jove*, my good Deſign ſucceed,
" To make this Leach'rous Monſter bleed,
" That other Folk the Crime may fly
" Of breach of Holpitality.
Thus having eas'd his Mind by Pray'r,
His Lance he poizes in the Air,

† Κεφαλὴ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἔθηκεν.

And

And with great force he flung at venture;
(O ſad! O ſad!) he made it enter
Through *Paris* Shield, Coat, Waſtcoaſt, Shirt;
But by kind Fate it did no hurt:
But ſtop'd at a huge-Body'd Louſe,
Elſe it had ſpoil'd him for a Spouſe.
The Greek, obſerving his good luck,
Came towards him with his drawn tuck,
And on the outſide of his Head
A weighty Load of Stroaks he laid.
But oh! the ſad and foul miſhap!
Pox take the Blade! in two it ſnap'd:
Which made him curſe, like unto *Hugh Peter*,
While thus he ſtorms and frets at *Jupiter*:
" See here, you plaguy God of *Ida*,
" This is a pretty Fancy: hoi day!
" My louſy Blade flies into flitters,
" When I ſhould cut this Dog to twitters.
Then, flying furiouſly at *Paris*,
He flung him flat upon his bare Arſe;
Made poor Pilgarlick cry, and roar,
Then dragg'd him all along the Floor.
He ſtill pull'd on with many a jerk,
Which certainly had done his Work,
Becauſe the loweſt end of's Helmet
(As for his Head, it overwhelm'd it)
Was faſtned ſome how 'bout his Neck,
When pull'd, it put him to the ſqueak,

For ſure the Greek had ſplit his Weazon,
Had not kind *Venus* come in Seaſon,
And cut the curſed Thong in two;
The Helmet without more ado
Came off his Pate, the ſtraps too following,
Which ſet the Græcians all a hallowing.
And now he aim'd the fatal ſtroak,
But *Venus* in a Cloud of Smoak
Convey'd poor *Paris* out of reach
Of *Menelaus* utmoſt ſtretch,
And laid him in a Bed of eaſe,
Well fraught with ſtore of Lice and Fleas.
Then look'd for *Nelly*; in a Garret
She found her f—gg—g with a Carrot;
With many a Finger-f—k—g Neighbour,
All groping, juſt as at a Labour.
Then turns her Laſhip (God a mercy)
Into a Spinſter of old *Jerſey*,
An antiquated Baud, for ſuch a one
*Helen* well knew, and doated much on:
She from her Gums ſpoke on this wiſe:
Your Huſband you expecting lies,
Extended on his Bed of State,
He longs to kiſs you,-and all that.
So Charming looks the am'rous Prig,
My old Chops water for a Jig.
*Helen* did at theſe Words take ſnuff;
And that ſhe might do well enough;

And

And ſtar'd the Beldam through and through,
And then, the Goddeſs 'twas ſhe knew
By her fine Alabaſter Neck,
Too good for an old Bawd; I feck.
She then, (or the Hiſtorian lies)
Confeſs'd in theſe Words her ſurpriſe:
Why how now, Goddeſs, Queen of Love,
What baudy Fancy now does move
Thy Brain with wicked Thoughts replete?
Doſt think I'm for a Coward Meat?
Now he is worſted in the Fight,
And I'm become another's Right?
I know your drift, it ſhan't take place,
To ſend me homeward with diſgrace.
And would you make him ſo uncivil?
Are you a Goddeſs? You a Devil!
* Prithee, no more return to Heaven,
But e'en below your Bargains drive on:
Woo him your ſelf, plead your own Suit,
So long, until you put him to't
To take you for better, for worſe,
For Whore, or Wife, the greater Curſe.
I will not ſtir: It ſhan't be ſaid,
See there her Print upon the Bed.

---

* ——— θεῶν δ' ἀπόειπε κελεύθους,
Μηδέπι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑπερβάλλειας ὄλυμπον.

The

The Trojans then with ſound of Trumpet
Might well proclaim me for a Strumpet,
*Venus*, tho' vex'd unto the Heart,
Yet mildly did theſe Words impart:
Provoke me not, you know not yet
Th' ill Conſequences of my hate;
With eaſe I'd make, us'd I my might,
Both Greeks and Trojans hate thy ſight.
You'd beſt comply, and ceaſe to jeer.
Thoſe Words made *Helen* quake for fear:
‡ Who then flung on her her white Hood,
And ſoftly went, where *Venus* wou'd.
Now they were come to *Paris* Door,
And *Venus* caper'd in before,
Clap'd her ſelf down before the Fire,
And *Helen* in a Chair ſat by her;
Who could her anger not paſs over,
For thus ſhe fell upon her Lover:
It ſeems you then have ſcap'd this bout,
Thanks to the She, that help'd you out.
Have I not often heard your Brags,
You'd *Menelaus* beat to Rags?
Now challenge him, if you think fit,
But now (I truſt) you have more Wit,

---

‡ Βῆ δὲ κατακρυβδὴν ἑανῷ, ἀργῆτι, φαεινῷ.

My

My Female Spight ev'n yet not ſuch is,
To wiſh you once agen in's Clutches.
Prithee, ſays *Paris*, now have done,
Who can re-call the ſetting Sun?
Tho' *Menelaus* a Conqueſt made,
'Tis known, 'twas by *Minerva*'s aid.
Nor do I doubt to pay again
The Foil, that I did late ſuſtain.
Some time I'll drub the Victor's hide,
We've Gods and Godlings on our ſide.
But huſh, my Queen, now let us prove
The moſt tranſporting Joys of Love.
* I ne'er before felt ſuch a ſwinging
Ardor, as now enflames my Engine.
Nay, to a more enormous pitch
Is carry'd now my am'rous Itch,
Than when I rifled firſt your Store.
Faith I muſt buſs you —— and do more.
Theſe Words were powerful to move:
The tender Fair no longer ſtrove,
But gladly yielded to the doing
Of what's the end of all Men's Wooing.
The pimping Goddeſs kept the Door,
While *Paris Nelly*'s Charms ran o'er.

---

* Οὐ γὰρ πώποτε μ' ὧδε ἕλεν φρένας ἀμφικαλύψας,
Ὡς σεο νῦν ἔρχομαι, καί με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ·

When

When *Menelaus* miſt the Champion,
He bit his Thumbs, the Ground he ſtamp'd on,
And much he wonder'd, where the dicken
The cowardly young Dog was ſneaking.
He ranſack'd ev'ry Soldiers Budget,
Where he might be, as he did judge it.
But yet could get no tale or tyding,
Where the young Whipſter was abiding.
His Legs quite tir'd with ſearching long,
King *Agamemnon* thus ſpoke ſtrong;
Hear me, ye Trojans great and ſmall,
The Conqueſt to our Lot does fall.
For *Menelaus* in the Combat,
Ye ſee, has *Alexander* home beat.
Therefore fair *Nelly* quick reſtore,
And we will trouble you no more.
The Greeks knew he was in the right,
And ſwore, the Trojans ſhould ſtand by't.

*Cætera deſiderantur.*

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